

THE  
MARRIAGE OF FIGARO;

Comic Opera, in Three Acts,

BY

M O Z A R T.

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ADAPTED TO ENGLISH WORDS

BY

C. L. KENNEY.

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THE ROYAL EDITION.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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SUSANNA .....

COUNTESS .....

CHERUBINO .....

MARCELLINA .....

FIGARO .....

BARTOLO .....

BASILIO .....

ALMAVIVA .....

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LE NOZZE DI FIGARO.

ACT I.

DUET.—FIGARO *and* SUSANNA.

FIGARO. Sixteen—eighteen—twenty—thirty—

Six and thirty by forty-three—

SUSANNA. Really now, I look quite dainty,  
'Tis as though 'twere made for me.

sixteen—eighteen, etc.

Sus. Only look, my dearest Figaro,

Tell me, does my head dress suit ye?

FIG. From thee, dear, it gathers beauty,

'Tis as tho' 'twere made for thee.

a 2. Of our wedding fair auspices granting,

Welcome sight on { my } head so enchanting  
                                  thy }

Is that cap, which deserves more  $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{my} \\ \text{thy} \end{array} \right\}$  vaunting,

Since Susanna, 'twas made, dear, by thee.

Sus. What's all this pacing and measuring about, friend Figaro?

FIG. To see, my pretty Susanna, how the fine bedstead—his lordship's wedding gift—will become our room.

Sus. This room ours? **I object!**

FIG. Why?

Sus. Because—

FIG. State your reason.

Sus. That's reason enough.

FIG. For a woman.

Sus. Women are always right.

FIG. On their wedding day, granted. I'm sorry you should quarrel with the room nevertheless. It's the most convenient in all the castle. Close to the Countess.

Sus. Yes, and close to the Count likewise.

DUET.—FIGARO *and* SUSANNA.

FIG. Suppose it befall you

The Countess should call you.

Ding—ding—ding—ding,

In a twinkling from thence you return:

His lordship you'll grant me,

Might suddenly want me.

Dong—dong—dong—dong!

And in two steps his wishes I learn

Sus. Suppose some fine morning,

Your comfort quite scorning,

Ding—ding—ding—ding !

He should send you, say,

Three miles away,

Dong—dong—dong—dong !

And to yonder portal

Sin urges that mortal,

Why, he in a twinkling

FIG. Susanna, hush, pray.

Nay, listen—

FIG. Make haste, then.

Sus. Would'st hear all the rest then?  
Discard all suspicion  
So ill I deserve.

Fig. Well, tell me, make haste then,  
For doubt and suspicion  
Quite chill every nerve.

Sus. Well then, shut your mouth and open your ears.

Fig. Go on, make haste, what is it?

Sus. This much, my friend, that Count Almaviva after hunting up all the rustic beauties on his manor, has grown weary of the sport, and means to lead a new life, stay in his castle, and——

Fig. And look after his own wife.

Sus. No; not his, but yours, that is to be. And so you thought the dower his lordship gives us, was a disinterested tribute to your distinguished merits.

Fig. I thought I had some right to expect as much.

Sus. Oh what ninnies are you clever people.

Fig. I half believe you are right.

Sus. Believe it *all* and you *will* be right.

Fig. Now, if I could only catch this arch deceiver in a trap of my own baiting, foil his plans and fill my pockets at one stroke.

Sus. Plotting again; now you're in your element. The Countess's bell. She made me promise to be the first to greet her on my wedding morning. So fare thee well.

Fig. The first to greet her—that's odd!

Sus. There's an old saying in these parts, that it brings luck to neglected wives. So good-bye, my little Figaro; think over what I've told you.

Fig. One kiss, to brighten my wits and oil the wheels of invention.

Sus. Kiss my lover to-day, and how will my husband take it to-morrow?

Fig. So!

[*kisses her.*]

Sus. I'll none of it, take it back.

[*blows kiss and exit.*]

Fig. That's paying back ready money with a note of hand. Well done my noble master. Now I begin to understand the mystery, and catch a gleaming of your plotting and scheming; we go to London, you ambassador, Figaro courier; and to Susanna, a secret mission confided; no, that never shall be——Fi-garo's decided!

#### CAVATINA.—FIGARO.

Bent if my lord is on treading a measure,  
Dance at your leisure,  
The tune I'll play.  
You shall, I promise, under my teaching,  
E'en the sky reaching,  
Caper away.  
I'll do—but softly, dissimulating,  
Schemes underhanded  
Best I may learn.  
Plans and manœuv'ring  
Slily frustrating,  
Here stout opposing,  
There blithely prating,  
All his machinery  
I'll overturn.

*Enter DR. BARTOLO and MARCELLINA.*

BAR. And have I been sent for all the way from Seville, only to hear this trash. It's all very well to talk of marriage, but where will you find a poor wretch desperate enough to——

MAR. Where but in the gay, handsome, fascinating Figaro.

BAR. What! that scoundrel?

MAR. So light hearted, free, and generous!

BAR. But his marriage with Susanna—the wedding comes off to day.

MAR. Many a wedding has been broken off at the church door.

BAR. A reprieve in sight of the rope : but how will you manage it ?

MAR. Susanna must be frightened by a threat of making known the Count's underhand advances to her.

BAR. What good can that do ?

MAR. To save her reputation she'll rebuff the Count, his anger will be kindled and all his thoughts turn to revenge. Then will I bring forth this document— a formal promise of marriage from Figaro—and oppose the marriage before his lordship, who out of pique will lean to my side.

BAR. Egad ! she's right. The rogue shall be made to marry my old housekeeper, that will pay him off for helping my pretty ward to run away.

MAR. And blighting my hopes.

BAR. And robbing me of a hundred crowns.

MAR. How delightful—

BAR. To trounce a rogue !

MAR. Nay, doctor, to lead him to the altar.

[*exit.*

BAR. The halter, woman, the halter !

MAR. O ! here comes that mischief-making old music-master, Don Basilio ; let me get out of his way, at all events.

[*exit MARCELLINA.*

*Enter DON BASILIO.*

Of my heart ere cool discretion,  
 Came at last with growth of years,  
 Truth and honor had possession,  
 Tho' of that nought now appears.  
 But as time still brought new perils,  
 Came Dame Patience staid and prim,  
 Finding honour of profit sterile,  
 From my head she chas'd the whim.  
 Near a cottage pure and humble,  
 She my footsteps led one morning,  
 Something then she caused to tumble,  
 Those neglected walls adorning.

'Twas a donkey's hide, when near it,  
 "Take it son," she said, "and wear it!"  
 Then she fled and left me there.  
 Mutely as I on her present stood gazing,  
 Sudden the thunder roared,  
 Lightning's flash blazing,  
 Hail, rain, torrents fell,  
 'Twixt helter, skelter,  
 Tho' 'twas a pelter,  
 I found a shelter  
 Under this asses hide,  
 She bade me wear.

When storm and rain allay'd,  
 Two steps advancing,  
 Some wild beast in my way  
 Stood fiercely glancing.  
 Ready to munch me,  
 Swallow and crunch me,  
 Nothing before me lay,  
 Save dark despair.  
 When from my skin,  
 The strong odour exhaling,  
 O'er the beast's appetite,  
 Even prevailing,  
 Quickly he turned away,  
 Back to his lair.  
 From this adventure,  
 I gain'd this instruction,  
 Tempests and outrages,  
 E'en threaten'd destruction  
 Hurt not, an asses skin,  
 If you but wear



Re-enter MARCELLINA and SUSANNA.

MAR. Ah! here comes Susanna; now to my plan.  
I'll seem not to know she's there; so that's the precious lady he's going to make a fool of himself with.

SUS. 'Tis of me she's talking!

MAR. Ah well, we all know Figaro will do anything for money.

SUS. Indeed! madam, and we all know how the fox abused the grapes because he couldn't get at them.

MAR. All cannot jump so high as your ladyship.

SUS. I—jump high?

MAR. As high as a Count's heart.

SUS. (*aside.*) She's getting insolent. I'd better go. (*aloud.*) Madam, your humble servant. [*curtsies and is going.*]

MAR. Farewell, my lord's pretty abigail.

SUS. Pretty enough to vex your heart out. Will you let me pass?

MAR. Oh certainly, with all respect. [*curtsies.*]

SUS. Keep your respect pray, for duennas like yourself—

MAR. I a duenna? let me go, or I shall forget myself. You shall smart for this, madam. [*rushes out.*]

SUS. Ha, ha, ha! The wrinkled old beldame! I fear her malice as little as I care for her scandalous tongue. But I'm so flurried, I almost forget what I came for. [*throws dress across chair*]

Enter CHERUBINO.

CHE. Oh, Susanna, there you are at last. Oh, I'm in such a scrape.

SUS. What new trick have you been up to.

CHE. Oh, nothing new; the Count caught me alone with little Barbarina teaching her something, you know, that she's to do at the fête to-morrow; and for that I'm to be packed off—sent away from the castle. Oh! if the Countess who's so kind and beautiful doesn't beg for my pardon, I shall never see my dear Susanna any more—never, never!

SUS. Never see *me* any more. Oh, its my turn now is it? Pray, what's become of the love that was secretly consuming you for my lady the Countess.

CHE. Oh Susanna! isn't she lovely? What a happy life yours must be always to be near her, to touch what she has touched. What's that?

SUS. That? The happy ribbon that binds her lovely tresses at night.

CHE. Does it? Oh let me have it—do, do, you darling Susanna.

SUS. Darling! Don't be so familiar. Give you, my lady's ribbon, indeed! What next? These saucy pages, give them an inch—

CHE. (*snatches it.*) And they take an ell of ribbon—huzzah!

SUS. But what shall I tell my lady?

CHE. Anything! Say it's lost, stolen, or strayed, and now it's in the pound. [*kisses it and puts it in his bosom.*]

SUS. The daring young imp! Oh won't you grow up a great big good-for-nothing little monster! (*tries to get it back.*) Give it back!

CHE. Oh let me keep it, and you shall hear in exchange a charming romance I have composed.

AIR.—CHERUBINO.

I am lost, and scarce know what I'm doing;  
Now I'm ice, now with fever I'm glowing.  
If a fair dame I meet I'm all blushes,  
And my heart seems quite ready to burst.  
But to hear of fond love's sweet devotion  
Sets my breast in a stormy commotion;  
And then to my lips in ecstasy rushes  
Love's soft language, though 'twas never rehearsed.  
Love is my theme when waking,  
Ne'er e'en my dreams forsaking;  
The lake, the grove, the mountain,  
The flow'ry mead, the fountain,  
Re-echo my sad sighing,  
While breezes swiftly flying  
Bear the soft sound away.  
And, were no voice replying,  
Love would still tune my lay.



Sus. Hush! the Count approaches!

CHE. I'm lost! hide me!

Sus. There!

[CHE. conceals himself behind an arm chair.

*Enter* COUNT ALMAVIVA.

Sus. (*frightened*.) Ah!

[*stands before the chair.*

Cou. Susanna! What confusion in your looks! But 'tis no wonder if your little heart goes pit-a-sat on such a day.

Sus. I was not thinking of that, my lord; but your presence here—alone with me—should any one surprise us.

Cou. I should be inexpressibly sorry, let me but say one word——

Sus. I cannot listen——

Cou. You know the king has sent me as ambassador to London. Figaro goes with me, and as man and wife should never be parted, your charming self——

Sus. But my lord——

Cou. Basilio has told you how tender an interest I take in your welfare; all the proofs I am ready to give——

Sus. I desire none, my lord; only leave me, I entreat.

Cou. Meet me then at twilight in the garden, and I will endeavour to persuade you——

BAS. (*heard outside*.) He is not within, my lord.

Cou. That voice!

Sus. Oh heaven!

Cou. Quick, hasten to prevent his entrance.

Sus. And leave you in my room?

BAS. (*without*.) I'll go seek his lordship——

Cou. Find me a hiding place—anywhere—ah! this chair.

[Sus. endeavours to prevent him, but the Cou. gently pushes her aside, and as he is stooping to conceal himself, CHE. slips round in front, and ensconces himself in the seat.

*Enter* BASILIO.

BAS. Susanna, you don't happen to have seen his lordship?

Sus. What have I to do with his lordship, or you either? Leave me, I beg.

BAS. There, there, if you'd only be less unreasonable you'd understand there was no harm in my question; 'tis Figaro seeks his lordship.

Sus. Then seeks Figaro his bitterest enemy?

Cou. (*aside, from the chair*.) Now I shall know how the rogue serves my cause.

BAS. Ah! you are young in the world, or you'd think otherwise. He who loves the wife cherishes the husband.

Sus. I understand, and despise your base insinuations, vile messenger of wickedness.

BAS. Spare your wrath, good Susanna, I had thought——

Sus. Don't tell me your horrible thoughts!

BAS. Well, well; but 'tis strange that my lord's admiration should be so unwelcome, when his stripling page is allowed to be for ever hovering round you.

Sus. Shame on you, slanderer!

BAS. Slanderer! because I keep my eyes open, forsooth! What of a certain love-ballad, the mysterious bantling of the young gentleman's muse?

Sus. (*angry*.) And am I its subject, sir?

BAS. You or my lady, whom the little rascal ogles as though he would eat her.

Sus. Only a scorpion like yourself would say such things.

BAS. Then the castle is full of scorpions, for 'tis the talk of all the house.

Cou. (*suddenly stepping forth*.) The talk of all the house?

Sus. Mercy on me!

BAS. Ha! ha!

[*triumphant.*

TRIO.—COUNT, BASILIO, SUSANNA.

Cou. Hear I rightly? Quick, obey me!

Chase the traitor hence away.

BAS. Most untimely my intrusion.

Grant his pardon, my lord, I pray.

SUS. We are ruin'd! ah, confusion!  
 I'm with frantic grief oppressed.  
 COU. } See. she faints, poor little creature!  
 BAS. } With emotion how pants her breast.  
 BAS. Gently, gently, there, be seated.  
 SUS. Where am I? Why thus treated?  
 Say, why intrude you both here?  
 BAS. } To assist you was our intention,  
 COU. } For your honour naught need you fear.  
 BAS. When about that page I lectur'd,  
 All I stated was but conjectured.  
 SUS. All is falsehood, all pure invention,  
 To his lies don't lend an ear.  
 COU. Off I'll pack this gay young fellow!  
 SUS. and BAS. Poor young fellow! poor young fellow!  
 COU. Poor young fellow! poor young fellow!  
 In the act I caught him clear!  
 SUS. Caught him?  
 BAS. Where?  
 SUS. Where?  
 COU. With your sweet cousin,  
 Yest're'en I her door found fasten'd;  
 Knocking, lo! miss Barbarina,  
 Confus'd, to open hasten'd;  
 Something wrong at once detecting,  
 I look'd round with glances suspecting,  
 Gently raising then the cover  
 From her table behold her lover,  
 Cherubino!

SUS. Luckless adventure!  
 BAS. Better and better!  
 COU. Virtuous madam, I'm your debtor,  
 All I now can comprehend.

SUS. Fate a pretty web is weaving;  
 Piteous heav'n, how will this end?  
 BAS. Prov'd it is by this indenture,  
 Naught the naughty sex can mend.

COU. Basilio, go and fetch Figaro.  
 SUS. Well! fetch Figaro!

COU. Never shall one who has served me so devotedly and faithfully as Figaro, be thus shamefully duped—never!

SUS. Spare your righteous indignation, my lord, the page overheard every syllable of our interview.

COU. Confusion! if this be so, he had better have hanged himself than I should know of it.

SUS. He came to beg me ask my lady to get him pardoned; your coming alarmed him, and he hid behind that chair.

COU. Oh weak invention! 'Twas in that chair I sat when I entered.

CHE. I was trembling behind it.

COU. Worse and worse. I ensconced myself there but this very moment.

CHE. Please your lordship, and at that very moment I slipped round and coiled myself in the seat.

COU. Coiled yourself indeed! You little serpent! and so you heard all?

CHE. I tried hard not to hear, my lord.

COU. Odious treachery! (to SUS.) As for this marriage—

BAS. Some one comes!

COU. (to CHE.) Out with you, rascal! Would you stay there before all the world!

#### CHORUS.

Come, lads and lasses,  
 As my lord passes,  
 Flowers and blossoms bright  
 Strew at his feet,  
 He's too large hearted  
 Ere to see parted,  
 True love and virtue,  
 Flow'rs rare and sweet.

Get. What mad frolic is this?

FIG. A little allegorical ceremony, betokening that when your lordship invests the bride with this white veil—emblem of purity and innocence—she is henceforth under my lord's guardianship to protect her from all harm or insult.

COU. (*aside.*) Cleverly played! Confound the fellow's cunning! (*aloud.*) With all my heart, 'tis the highest duty of the powerful to shield the innocent and virtuous.

Crowd. Huzzah!

SUS. A golden maxim!

[*aside.*

FIG. On a brazen tongue!

[*aside.*

COU. Meanwhile, this interesting ceremony will be rendered more striking and solemn if we defer it to a more public occasion.

Crowd. Huzzah!

FIG. Well, master mischief, won't you shout for the Count?

SUS. He's breaking his heart over his dismissal.

FIG. Sent away from the castle!

SUS. On our wedding day, too; pardon him, my lord.

CHE. Be merciful as you are great!

SUS. He is but a boy.

COU. But a very dangerous one.

CHE. I promise in future always to look up to your lordship's example.

COU. (*aside.*) The deuce! Well, your pardon shall be granted, and more, you shall command a company in my regiment, now quartered in Catalonia. Prepare to join this very day.

FIG. Say to-morrow, my lord.

COU. No more!

CHE. I obey.

COU. And now, young man, as only a minute ago you were a boy, you may give Susanna a kiss; but mind, it's the last. [*exit.*

FIG. Eh! noble captain, to me also a greeting; a word I'd say to thee at parting; Good-bye Cherubino, to pleasant quarters, see how in a moment thy fortune alters

#### AÏRIA—FIGARO.

Now no more may we love sick philander,  
Round the bowers of beauty meander,  
Peace from many a bosom to banish,  
Cupid's pupil so roguish and sly.  
We must moult now each fine peacock feather,  
Doff that hat and gallant air together,  
Those brown locks so luxuriant must vanish,  
On those cheeks e'en the roses must die.  
Now no more may we, &c.

Now with warriors bravely drinking,  
Long moustachios, water shrinking,  
Musket shoulder'd, sword down slanted,  
Neck unbending, brow undaunted,  
Cumbrous helmet, a scarf of splendour,  
Lots of fame but profit slender.  
Change the scene from graceful dancing,  
Weary march thro' mud advancing,  
Over mount, thro' valley toiling,  
Here half frozen, there all boiling,  
Clarions sounding, trumpets blaring,  
Balls and bombshells round you tearing,  
While, thro' all the din uproarious,  
Bullets whistle round your ear!  
Cherubino be victorious,  
You a laurel crown shall wear!

## ACT II.

---

### CAVATINA.—COUNTESS.

Smoothing spells, ah love, cast o'er me,  
Heal my sorrow, allay each sigh,  
My sweet treasure, ah! restore me,  
Or in mercy let me die!

### *Enter SUSANNA.*

COUN. Susanna, close the door, and faithfully tell me all; make no concealment.

SUS. Indeed, madam, I have made none.

COUN. And did the Count actually make overtures of love to you?

SUS. Nay, madam, as to love, I believe he has none to offer; he only offers bribes.

COUN. If you mean that his affections are still mine—I cannot believe it; he has ceased to love me.

SUS. Then why should he be so jealous?

COUN. 'Tis pride makes men jealous—not love. But you shall not suffer for my wrong, you shall wed Figaro; and his ready wit must help us to it. Where is he? [Fig. pass in at door.]

### *Enter FIGARO.*

SUS. Ah! Figaro, you come in good time; my lady is all impatience.

FIG. Not to mention any one else. However, calm yourselves both; the affair is a mere trifle. The Count has taken a fancy to Susanna who has the misfortune to belong to me, which doesn't prevent his lordship desiring as much of her delightful company as she can spare him.

SUS. And you call that a trifle?

FIG. So he makes me his despatch-bearer, and Susanna a sort of attaché in petticoats. There's diplomacy for you! And because Susanna declines the appointment, he threatens to favour the designs of Marcellina on my fascinating self.

COUN. Do not jest on a subject which may involve the happiness of all three of us.

FIG. I have my plot ready, and if it match not the Count's, count me a fool.

COUN. What would you do?

FIG. 'Tis done already. A false intimation conveyed to his lordship concerning yourself.

COUN. Concerning me!

FIG. An anonymous letter sent through Basilio's hands informs the Count that a secret interview is sought with you by some gallant at the ball to-night.

FIG. (to SUS.) You shall entangle him further by granting that rendezvous he begged for in the garden at twilight.

SUS. Is that's part of your scheme, you count your chickens before they are hatched.

FIG. Those who venture nothing, get nothing, and are good for nothing.

COUN. His assurance inspires me with confidence.

FIG. I meant it to do so. My lord is now out hunting. I'll send you Cherubino—to dress and deck out for his new part, and then——

SUS. What's your next step?

FIG. My next step?

[sings.]

## SONG.—FIGARO.

Bent if my lord is on treading a measure,  
At his sweet leisure,  
I'll the tune play.

FIG. But here is the culprit.

SUS. Come in, Mr. Captain.

*Exit Fig.*

*Enter* CHERUBINO.

CHE. Oh, don't call me captain, it reminds me that I'm banished from the presence of one who is as kind as she is—

SUS. Beautiful; go on.

CHE. Yes, beautiful indeed.

SUS. (*mocking.*) Beautiful indeed! there don't cast down your hypocritical eyes. But look up, and warble that romance you told me of.

COUN. (*unfolding the paper.*) Who is the poet?

SUS. There's a guilty face, knee deep in blush roses!

CHE. Is it guilt for a full heart to pour itself out.

SUS. (*aside.*) Wretch! I'll tell all.

COUN. Does he sing?

CHE. Indeed, my lady, I tremble so.

SUS. Do as my lady wishes, and no sham modesty.

COUN. Take my guitar, Susanna, and accompany him.

## SONG.—CHERUBINO.

Ye who love's power right well should know,  
Fair dames, say, with it does my heart glow?  
All I experience let me impart,  
Feelings unwonted prey on my heart.  
Wildest emotions, yearnings all vain,  
Thrill me with pleasure, rack me with pain.  
Now I am freezing, now fiercely burn,  
Summer and winter rule me in turn;  
Ever I'm seeking joys from without,  
Yet where to find them still I'm in doubt.  
Fond sighs and moaning all my days fill,  
Strange tremors seize me 'gainst my own will,  
Peace never tasting, morn, noon, or night,  
Yet 'mid my anguish lurketh delight.

COUN. 'Tis simple, and the sentiment is touching.

SUS. Sentiment! As for sentiment he's full of it! Now, Mr. Officer, I'm going to fit you with a new uniform—a dress of *mine*. I suppose you know what for?

CHE. Yes, I know all.

COUN. Pray heaven we be not discovered.

SUS. Are we doing any harm? I'll lock the door in any case. (*locks door.*) But what shall we do for a head dress?

COUN. The cap that's on my toilet table; go, fetch it (*exit Sus.*) What paper have you there?

CHE. Alas! 'tis my commission, Basilio gave it me just now.

COUN. So soon! This is quick despatch indeed; and in their haste, I see, the seal has been forgotten.

*Re-enter* SUSANNA.

SUS. Forgotten the seal! the seal of what?

COUN. Of his commission.

SUS. Already? They are in a mighty hurry!

COUN. So I think!

SUS. Here's the cap.

COUN. Make haste! if the Count should return we are lost.



## SONG.—SUSANNA.

Now pray bend down upon your knees,  
 Keep steady for awhile;  
 Be quiet, will you turn this way?  
 Bravo! 'tis quite in style,  
 Move round this way your countenance,  
 On me your glances steer.  
 Come straighter yet,  
 Look at me here,  
 My lady is not here.  
 Your neck still higher set up,  
 Cast down those eyes so roving,  
 Now fold your arms and get up,  
 Let's see you, graceful moving,  
 Rise up from on your knees.  
 The prince of all scapegraces,  
 How handsome his young face is,  
 His eyes sly glances sending,  
 His figure graceful bending!  
 The hearts that he sets all aflame  
 Are surely not to blame.

Sus. There! isn't he charming?

COUN. Stay! methinks this sleeve does not sit quite straight. Ah! what's this? a ribbon wound round his arm.

Sus. And one of yours, my lady, the little villain snatched it from me, and nothing would make him give it up.

COUN. What need had you for it?

CHE. To bandage my arm; I hurt it this morning.

COUN. I cannot spare it; 'tis my favourite colour. Susannah, fetch him a fresh one, there's one quite new in my room. *[exit Sus.]*

CHE. A new one? I cherished this one because you had worn it.

COUN. 'Twas no better bandage for that——

CHE. It was a remembrance; I am going to leave you.

COUN. Not for ever.

CHE. Who knows? I wish this was my last hour. I'm very unhappy! *[weeps.]*

COUN. He weeps. Poor fellow! this is Figaro's foolish talk—there, there! *(wipes his eyes.)* You must be reasonable, and not give way to foolish fancies. *[Cou. knocks.]*

Cou. What's this locking of doors?

COUN. 'Tis the Count! we are undone!

Cou. Will you not open, madam?

CHE. After his anger with me to-day, if he finds me here, I shall be killed on the spot. *[runs into closet.]*

Cou. Who's voice is that?

COUN. Mine, I suppose. Merciful heaven!

*[locks closet and takes out key, then lets in the Cou.]*

## Enter COUNT.

Cou. What new fancy is this? to lock your door.

COUN. I was busy over toilet matters with Susanna, who has just left me, *[noise in closet.]*

Cou. What noise is that in yonder closet?

COUN. 'Tis Susanna; you surprised her trying on a dress I had given her.

Cou. You seem mightily flurried on her account.

COUN. Flurried on account of my chamber maid! She is nearer to your thoughts than mine.

Cou. Be it so; I therefore must see her at once.

*[Sus. enters, then slips into alcove.]*



## TRIO.—COUNT, COUNTESS, SUSANNA.

Cou. Susanna, without pausing,  
Come forth, my word obey.  
Coun. Remain within. Vain pausing,  
She can't your word obey.  
Sus. This quarrel what is causing?  
The page has gone away.  
Cou. Your reason for delaying?  
Coun. Her reason, common shame;  
A wedding dress essaying,  
She fled there when you came.  
Cou. With me she's merely playing,  
Upon the swain I came.  
Coun. A boorish part you're playing,  
I know not what's your aim.  
Sus. Their words, their thoughts betraying,  
I see how lies the game.  
Con. Speak, if you won't come out then.  
Susanna, if you're hiding—  
Coun. My word, sir, do you doubt then?  
Don't speak, my orders hiding.  
Cou. Dear lady mine, take warning!  
Coun. Dear husband, pray take warning!  
Or scandal will our names repeat,  
And scandal's wings are fleet.  
Sus. A wild abyss is yawning,  
Beneath our very feet,  
And scandal's wings are fleet.

Cou. Well, since this mysterious Susanna is dumb to all questioning, I'll see if she be visible to the eye, and as its no use asking for the key I'll have the door broken in.

Coun. Would you raise a scandal, sir?

Cou. You are right; I'll fetch some implement and do it myself. Please to go with me that all may be done quietly. Ah! this door leads to your women's apartments. I'll lock it, lest any doubt should rest on your story.

[locks it.]

Coun. Heavens!

Cou. Accept my arm. (*in a loud tone.*) As for Susanna in the closet there she must tarry till we return.

[*exeunt* Cou. and Coun.]

## DUET.—SUSANNA and CHERUBINO.

Sus. Unfasten, quick, unfasten,  
Unfasten, 'tis Susanna,  
Away hence, prithee hasten,  
No longer tarry here.  
Che. Alas! which way my course to steer,  
I'm quaking all with fear!  
Sus. Don't stay! don't stay!  
Che. } Each door is lock'd and bolted,  
Sus. } No help is near.  
Che. To die here is not pleasant.  
Sus. You'd die were he now present.  
Che. Let's see, a little yonder,  
This looks down on the garden.  
Sus. Stop, dear Cherubino, for pity's sake!  
Sus. Your neck you're sure to break,  
Ah, stop, for pity's sake!

CHE. Stop me not, stop me not,  
 Ere I cause her woe  
 I'd go thro' fire and water.  
 For her I now embrace you,  
 Farewell now, look out below !  
 SUS. Would you commit self-slaughter?  
 Stay, for heaven's sake !

SUS. The nimble little scapegrace is out of sight already. Now to take his place, and let the storm light on my head. The Count may rave as he will I shall be dumb. *[exit into closet.]*

*Enter COUNT and COUNTESS.*

Cou. All is exactly as I left it; not a chair moved. Now, madam, ere you drive me to an act of violence, have you reflected on the consequence: Will you not open the door peacefully?

COUN. Yes, yes, I will; but first hear my explanation.

Cou. Explanation! what 'tis not Susanna, then, you confess?

COUN. Pray listen, we were preparing a harmless joke for this evening's entertainment, but I solemnly swear neither he nor I——

Cou. He! then it was a man?

COUN. Nay, a child—a stripling.

Cou. Who?

COUN. I scarcely dare name him.

Cou. I'll kill him!

COUN. Oh heaven!

Cou. Speak!

COUN. Cherubino.

Cou. The insolent varlet! This explains the letter.

## FINALE.

Cou. Now come forth! or soon I'll teach you,  
 Wretch, to mend your evil ways.  
 COUN. Calm your anger, I beseech you;  
 Ah, I tremble for his days.  
 Cou. Thus to brave me still how dare you?  
 COUN. Do but hear me!  
 Cou. Speak, I hear you.  
 COUN. False, I vow, were all suspicion,  
 Though you find him in strange condition,  
 Collar open and bare neckt, sir.  
 Cou. Collar open and bare neckt, sir!  
 Pray proceed, ma'am.  
 COUN. As a girl he's just been deckt, sir.  
 Cou. From my wrath naught shall protect him,  
 I'll have vengeance on you both.  
 COUN. Vile suspecting quick rejecting,  
 You to doubt me should be loth.  
 Cou. The key, quick, give me!  
 COUN. He is not guilty,  
 Well you know it.  
 Cou. I know nothing.  
 From my sight, begone for ever!  
 Faithless woman, your endeavour  
 Is but to disgrace us both.  
 COUN. Leave you, yes, but——  
 Cou. Peace! I pray you.  
 COUN. But——  
 Cou. Peace! I pray you.

COUN. I am guiltless.  
 COU. Your looks betray you.  
 Vengeance, no longer  
 Shall he live to cause me woe.  
 COUN. Ah ! his jealousy grown stronger  
 Something rash he'll do I know.

*Enter SUSANNA.*

SUS. My master !  
 COUN., COU. Susanna !  
 What looks of disaster ?  
 Your drawn sword awaiting,  
 With blood vengeance sating !  
 Your page, sir, in waiting,  
 Behold, he is here.  
 COUN. I can't this unravel !  
 Susanna in there !  
 COU. Outwitted, I wonder who next will appear.  
 SUS. With sight they would cavil,  
 That proves I was there.  
 COU. None with you ?  
 SUS. Pray look, sir,  
 You'll find him, no doubt.  
 COU. I'll look, yes, I'll look, though,  
 To find him I doubt.  
 COUN. Susanna, I'm fainting,  
 My senses desert me.  
 SUS. Be joyous, be thankful,  
 The boy's safely out.  
 COU. How sadly I've blunder'd,  
 I scarce can believe it !  
 I wrongly offended  
 To pardon I pray you ;  
 But thus with my feelings  
 'Twas cruel to play.  
 COUN. } Your madness and folly  
 SUS. } No pity can claim.  
 COU. I love you !  
 COUN. Would I could——  
 COU. I swear it !  
 COUN. Believe you.  
 Love one who's unfaithful  
 And seeks to deceive you ?  
 COU. Her anger, Susanna,  
 Pray help me to calm.  
 SUS. Suspicion the sinner,  
 Aye, fills with alarm.  
 COUN. Shall love ever proving  
 As warm as 'tis truthful,  
 Of guerdon more loving  
 Ne'er gather the balm ?  
 SUS. My lady !  
 COU. Rosina !  
 COUN. Rosina am I no longer,  
 But scorn'd and rejected  
 For some passion stronger.  
 In your eyes neglected,  
 I have lost ev'ry charm

- Sus. Ah! call back your sentence,  
Behold his repentance;  
Deign pity to show.
- Coun. With sorrow for ever thus tortur'd  
I'm weary of woe!
- Cou. The page though shut in there?
- Coun. All done but to vex you.
- Cou. Your blushing and trembling?
- Coun. Put on to perplex you.
- Cou. That letter so cruel?
- Sus. 'Twas Figaro, who wrote it  
For Basilio to deliver.
- Cou. Ah, traitors, I'll pay you!
- Coun. No pardon deserve  
They who pardon refuse.
- Cou. Then let all resentment  
Give place to contentment;  
My darling Rosina,  
I'm sure can't refuse.
- Coun. To melt, dear Susanna,  
My heart is too ready.  
Who'll think now a lady  
Her temper can lose?
- Sus. With men, 'tis thus ever.  
Howe'er we treat them,  
To please them endeavour,  
Our faith they abuse.
- Cou. Oh, look on me.
- Coun. Ah, false one!
- Cou. I've wrong'd you, and repent me.
- a 3. If time is but lent him,  
In prizing  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{her} \\ \text{my} \\ \text{thy} \end{array} \right\}$  virtues,  
Each moment he'll use.

*Enter FIGARO.*

- Fig. Your lordship, pray hark you!  
Those festive sounds mark you?  
The trumpets are clanging,  
The drums are all beating;  
With song and with dances  
The gay throng advances,  
Be fleet, then, to meet, then,  
The wedding cortege.
- Cou. Stay, friend, there's no hurry.
- Fig. They're all in a flurry.
- Cou. One doubt, ere we join you,  
Be pleas'd to assuage.
- Coun., Sus., Fig. The affair is most awkward,  
How will it all end?
- Cou. With cunning their game I  
Shall soon comprehend.  
Of this letter, master Figaro,  
Tell me, pray, if aught you know?
- Fig. Truly, no, sir!
- Sus. and Cou. Naught you know, sir?
- Fig. No! no! no!
- Sus. Didst not give it Don Basilio?

COUN. To convey it—are you deaf, sir?  
 FIG. Not so! not so!  
 SUS. Know you naught of any lover?  
 COUN. Waiting 'neath the garden's cover?  
 COU. Now you have it!  
 FIG. I do not know.  
 COU. All in vain your guilt you'd screen, sir,  
 Plainly in your face 'tis seen, sir;  
 Trembles on your lips a lie.  
 FIG. 'Tis my face, not I then lying.  
 SUS. All your wit you're plying vainly,  
 COU. { We your secret thoughts read plainly,  
 { Not a word can you reply.  
 COU. What's your answer?  
 FIG. None, sir!  
 COU. Guilt you own then?  
 FIG. Not all sir!  
 SUS. } Cease now playing thus the zany,  
 COUN. } Further don't our patience try.  
 FIG. All shall ended be and done, sir,  
 As in due stage ceremonial,  
 By an union matrimonial,  
 Which shall follow by and bye.  
 COUN. } Ah, my lord, pray don't oppose him,  
 SUS. } Do not let him longer sigh.  
 COU. Marcellina! Marcellina!  
 Quick to help me hither fly!

*Enter ANTONIO.*

ANT. Oh, my lord, my lord!  
 COU. What's the matter?  
 ANT. Such audacity I never knew!  
 COU., COUN., FIG. and SUS.  
 What's amiss now, what means all this clatter?  
 ANT. Hear my history.  
 a 4. Why all this ado?  
 ANT. From yon window the garden o'erlooking,  
 Ev'ry day some rubbish they're chucking,  
 But at last, what I think is past brooking,  
 Just this moment a man out they threw.  
 COU. From yon window?  
 ANT. Aye, look now at these gilliflowers.  
 COU. In the garden?  
 ANT. Yes.  
 COUN., SUS. Figaro, wake up!  
 COU. Hear I rightly?  
 COUN., SUS., FIG. Our plot this will break up,  
 What can bring such a drunken oaf here?  
 COU. So a man was thrown out! whither went he?  
 ANT. Out of sight quick his nimble steps bent he.  
 Only birds can so soon disappear.  
 SUS. 'Twas the page that—  
 FIG. I know! more hereafter. Ha, ha, ha, ha!  
 COU. Silence, pray.  
 ANT. Why this laughter?  
 FIG. Ha, ha, ha, ha!  
 COU. Hush, I say!  
 FIG. Why you're drunk from the dawn of the day.  
 COU. Tell me again, just once again.

ANT. From that window——  
 COUN. In the garden?  
 ANT. In the garden.  
                                 COUN., SUS., FIG.  
 SUS. Sure he's drunk, such lies I'd not pardon.  
 COUN. End your story, you saw not his visage?  
 ANT. No, that's certain; quite certain.  
 COUN., SUS. Some ruse, Figaro, try now!  
 FIG. Cease, you blubb'ring booby, to cry now,  
 For a few paltry flower pots broken.  
 If the truth, then, at last must be spoken,  
 He that jump'd from yon window stands here.  
 COUN., ANT. What, 'twas you then?  
 COUN., SUS. How cleverly thought of!  
 FIG. How you stare!  
 COUN. Your story surprises.  
 ANT. Why, you're bigger, I vow, by two sizes;  
 After leaping you weren't half so tall.  
 FIG. After leaping one always looks small.  
 ANT. Who'd have thought it?  
 COUN., SUS. Cease! 'tis plain you've been tippingling.  
 COUN. Hold, what say you?  
 ANT. Why, he seem'd quite a stripling.  
 COUN. 'Twas the page!  
 COUN., SUS. Hang the fellow!  
 FIG. Oh the devil! oh the devil!  
 He's come post haste on horseback from Seville,  
 'Twas he leapt from the window no doubt.  
 ANT. No not so, no not so. On my conscience,  
 From that window no horseman leapt out.  
 COUN. Spare my patience,  
 A truce to thy nonsense!  
 COUN., SUS. Heaven grant we may find a way out.  
 COUN. Then 'twas you?  
 FIG. Took the leap.  
 COUN. For what cause?  
 FIG. Well, from fear.  
 COUN. Why from fear?  
 FIG. Shut up yonder,  
 Waiting till I beheld that sly kitten,  
 Rat tat tat, came a noise made me wonder,  
 Then your stern voice—the letter I'd written—  
 Down I leapt, with wild terror quite smitten,  
 And in jumping my foot got a sprain.  
 ANT. Then these papers are yours,  
 Which to pick up you omitted.  
 COUN. Oho! give them to me.  
 FIG. Now I'm fairly done!  
 COUN., SUS. Figaro, wake up!  
 COUN. How came here—this letter, pray explain.  
 FIG. Wait, I'll tell you; thro' many I've to seek, sir.  
 ANT. 'Tis perhaps a small list of his creditors?  
 FIG. No, they're all invitations.  
 COUN. Come, speak, sir. Go, and let him be.  
 COUN., SUS. Let him be, you hind, you!  
 ANT. Well, I'll go, but again, if I find you——  
 FIG. Go, friend, from thee naught I fear.  
 COUN. Well, sir?  
 COUN. Oh heaven! the page's commission!  
 SUS. Goodness heav'n! the commission!



COU. Out with it.  
 FIG. Hang my mem'ry ! hang my mem'ry !  
 Why that's the commission  
 He at parting consign'd to me here  
 COU. For what purpose ?  
 FIG. It wanted——  
 COU. It wanted ? Come, answer !  
 COUN. Wanted sealing.  
 SUS. Wanted sealing.  
 FIG. It was sign'd, but——  
 COU. Be quick, and confound ye !  
 FIG. It was sign'd, but wanted the sealing.  
 COU. Hang the rascal, he sets my head reeling !  
 'Tis a puzzle I ne'er shall explain !  
 COUN., SUS. If this tempest I safely can weather,  
 I won't risk being shipwreck'd again !  
 FIG. He may stamp, he may rave both together  
 But to probe out the secret is vain !

*Enter MARCELLINA and BARTOLO.*

MAR. }  
 BAS. } Granting this our suit a hearing,  
 BAR. } Prove my lord, how just you are.  
 COU. They are come the tables just turning,  
 'Gainst their scheming to raise a bar.  
 COUN., SUS., FIG. They are come, our plans o'erturning,  
 How their projects now shall we mar.  
 FIG. These are three egregious asses ;  
 Sure their plans most silly are.  
 COU. Hush, for judgment noise ne'er passes,  
 Come, let each his case declare.  
 MAR. Nuptials he's with me contracted,  
 By this man to see enacted,  
 And in legal course transacted,  
 I before my lord appear.  
 SUS., FIG. What's this ? what's this ?  
 Pray all be silent, be silent,  
 'Tis I sit in judgment here.  
 BAR. I'm her advocate selected,  
 That her right may be protected.  
 COUN., SUS., FIG. 'Tis too bad ! 'tis too bad, sir !  
 BAS. I whose rank and station well are known,  
 Have without fear of miscarriage,  
 Come to prove a promised marriage,  
 Money lent, too, net and clear.  
 COU., SUS., FIG. All three mad, sir, all three mad, sir.  
 COU. Hush ! the truth I'll soon discover,  
 When the contract I've read over ;  
 All due legal form must wear.  
 COU., SUS., FIG. I am baffled and confounded,  
 By a web of tricks surrounded ;  
 Sure some fiend of guile unbounded.  
 To undo us brought them here.  
 COUN., MAR., BAS., COU., BAR. What a stroke, they're all outwitted,  
 Fool's caps on their heads we've fitted ;  
 Some kind genius our cause has pittied,  
 And to nick them brought us here.

## ACT III.

---

THE COUNT is discovered pacing to and fro.

Cou. Was ever such a tangle of mischief and mystery! Everything conspires to fill my anxious mind with doubt and apprehension. I tried to sound Figaro, but the rogue has only left me more perplexed than ever; yet with this assurance that he and Susanna are in league to dupe me.

*Enter SUSANNA, she observes THE COUNT.*

Sus. (*aside.*) The Count! now to carry out my lady's plot. 'Tis a charming idea. I grant him a rendezvous; she takes my place, and so I run no dangerous risks.

Cou. (*reflecting.*) I'll match them yet; this marriage of theirs shall certainly never take place.

Sus. (*aside.*) Now will our marriage certainly take place! How deeply he's thinking. A-hem!

Cou. (*looking round.*) Susanna! (*with ill-humour.*) Pray, what brings you here, mistress?

Sus. I came to ask for my lady's smelling bottle—she has a nervous headache.

Cou. Take it!

Sus. I'll bring it back directly.

Cou. Nay; you may need it yourself, perchance.

Sus. We humble folk are not troubled with nerves.

Cou. Yet, when a young lady on the eve of marriage finds the bridegroom the property of another——

Sus. I'll buy him back with the dowry my lord has promised me.

Cou. I promised you!

Sus. I don't think I dreamt it.

Cou. Had you consented to listen to my prayers——

Sus. Your lordship has only to command, and your vassal is bound to obey. *[curtsies archly.]*

DUETTO.—COUNT and SUSANNA.

Cou.	Why take this cruel pleasure, Why make me languish so.
Sus.	We ladies at our leisure Answer yes or no.
Cou.	Then in the grove you'll meet me?
Sus.	If so it please my lord.
Cou.	Fail not, dear, there to greet me.
Sus.	No, you may trust my word.
Cou.	My fond heart hope caressing, Bids it with joy o'erflow.
Sus.	(Ah pardon my transgressing, Ye who love's power know!)

Cou. But why did you treat me so harshly this morning?

Sus. You forget Cherubino behind the chair.

Cou. True! but when Basilio spoke to you on my behalf.

Sus. Does my lord need a Don Basilio to speak in his behalf?

Cou. The little witch is right again. But is not Figaro master of all your secrets?

Sus. All that I choose to tell him.

Cou. Delightful charmer! but remember—no rendezvous, no dowry.

Sus. Put it the other way: no dowry, no rendezvous.

Cou. Where does the girl get her wit from.

Sus. But I must go.

[going.

Cou. Yes, or my lady will grow impatient for the smelling bottle.

Sus. Don't distress yourself; it was only an excuse to open the conversation.

[returns it.

Cou. Darling!

[seizes as if to embrace her.

Sus. Hark! some one comes.

[escapes and is going.

Cou. She's mine!

[exit.

*Enter FIGARO, and stops SUSANNA.*

FIG. Whither so fast? has the Count frightened you?

Sus. Let Marcellina go to law with you; I've carried the cause for you, Figaro, and no lawyers fees to pay.

[exit, FIG. following.

*Re-enter COUNT.*

RECIT.

Cou. "You your lawsuit have won sir!" Heard I rightly? In what snare was I falling? Traitors both! My vengeance in some form await you. The sentence shall be as my humour decrees. If he should pay her, yon old beldame who sues him! But in what manner? Then there's Antonio, to the parentless Figaro, refuses to give his niece Susanna's hand in marriage. If I can cunningly pamper the pride of that old idiot.—Naught's amiss when you're scheming; I have it all now.

SONG.

Shall I so choice a blessing,  
Behold my slave possessing?  
In vain my love confessing,  
Tamely resign the prize?  
Shall I, another's plighted,  
See her, by love united,  
In whom my heart delighted,  
My love though she despise?  
Ah, no, ne'er shall be tasted,  
By thee a bliss so gracious,  
Nor shall my peace be wasted,  
By vassal so audacious,  
Who haply e'en may laugh to scorn  
My jealous pangs, and me!  
Hope to my sight revealing,  
Vengeance upon them stealing,  
My wounded bosom healing,  
Fills all my heart with glee!

*Enter MARCELLINA, CURZIO, BARTOLO, and FIGARO.*

CUR. The case is clear; the decision certain. Figaro must marry the lady or pay the money she lent him.

Cou. That appears to me the justice of the case. I approve and ratify the sentence.

MAR. Victory!

BAR. A righteous judgment.

FIG. My lord, I appeal against the sentence.

Cou. 'Tis too late; the cause is decided.

FIG. I cannot be bound to this marriage—being a gentleman born—without the consent of my noble parents.

BAR. Produce your noble parents.

FIG. I have lost them, or rather they have lost me.

COU. Poor Figaro! you have lost your noble wits I fear.

FIG. If being found, by the brigands who stole me in my infancy, wrapped up in fine linen and purple and bedecked with jewels be no proof of my noble birth, which I maintain it is to all candid minds, there is no getting over the plain evidence of a private mark on my arm, most undoubtedly made to furnish a clue to my distinguished identity and clearly indicating I was no ordinary bantling. [is about to turn up his sleeve.]

MAR. A spatula on your right arm?

FIG. Right, ma'am; but how did you know?

MAR. 'Tis he! oh, doctor—

BAR. Who's he? what d'ye mean?

MAR. Our precious little Rafaello.

BAR. Tell me, were you kidnaped by gipsies?

FIG. Aye, was I; little more than a stone's throw from this castle, worthy doctor! only restore me to my long-lost parents and they will reward you with that princely magnificence which distinguishes my illustrious race.

BAR. Behold your illustrious mother.

FIG. Foster-mother, of course?

BAR. Your own natural parent.

FIG. (to MAR.) Perhaps you'll explain?

MAR. Behold your father!

[points to BAR.]

FIG. Oh, earth! open and swallow me.

MAR. Have you not a thousand times felt in your heart a beating?

FIG. No! but a thousand times I've felt it in my heart to give him a beating.

COU. (aside.) This confounded discovery mars all my purposes.

FIG. Since I've been saved such undutiful conduct, I may beg a father's blessing with a clear conscience, and give my mother a filial embrace.

[embraces MAR.]

COU. (aside.) A plague on them all!

### Enter SUSANNA.

SUS. Stop! stop all proceedings. I've got money to pay Figaro's debt and release him from this forced marriage. My lady has given me the sum as a wedding gift.

COU. I'm afraid you are a little too late—behold!

[shows FIG. and MAR. fondling, and exit.]

SUS. The faithless wretch!

FIG. (perceiving.) What, Susanna?

SUS. Leave me, cowardly-deceitful monster.

FIG. How have I deserved that compound epithet? Give me an explanation.

SUS. (boxes his ear.) There!

FIG. See, friends, what a striking proof of affection. Susanna, oblige me by looking at that lady: how do you find her?

SUS. Repulsive!

FIG. How instinctively she divines the mother-in-law!

SUS. You my mother in-law.

MAR. Embrace the mother of your Figaro.

[they embrace.]

BAR. And for further particulars enquire here.

FIG. I think we had better retire and hold a family council. Come, Susanna: come, worthy parents.

SUS. How this will please my Lady!

ALL. And now

*All.* My Lord will burst with passion, delighted I shall be.

[*exeunt.*]

*Enter* COUNTESS.

RECIT.

Still Susanna delays: I am anxious to be told how his lordship regards this last proposal. Brimful of danger does the project appear with such a husband, of temper quick and jealous! But yet, what harm? simply exchanging raiment with my own maid, Susanna, and she mine taking. Night the plan too will favour. O heaven! to what degradation I'm yielding. How am I humbled by a husband's default, who after having, 'midst the strangest admixture of faithless vows, of jealous transports, and fury, first adored me, then ill treated me, and last betrayed, brings me to this—calling my maid to aid me.

AIR.

Vanished are ye bright hours for ever,  
When love's rapture and bliss I knew:  
When he promised to leave me never,  
When I thought his false lips true!

If but tormenting thoughts must haunt me,  
If for me the past be dead,  
Why in mem'ry, still to taunt me,  
Live the joys for ever fled?

In my heart, where though forsaken,  
Dwell the thoughts that ne'er can range,  
Ah! might hope like dawn awaken,  
Whisp'ring—soon his heart will change.

[*exit* COUN.

*Enter* COUNT and ANTONIO.

ANT. 'Tis no more than truth, my lord, that young Cherubino is still in the castle: here's his hat; ain't that proof enough?

COU. Impossible! you blunder. He is now safe in Seville, whither he went this morning.

ANT. If you call my cottage Seville, your lordship is right, for there did he come this morning, and my daughter with some other wenches dressed him up as a girl, leaving his page's clothes behind to show the little snake had cast his skin.

COU. Treachery!

ANT. Only come this way and you shall see for yourself.

[*exeunt* COU. and ANT.]

*Enter* COUNTESS, followed by SUSANNA.

COUN. Your story fills me with wonder; and how did the Count take the discovery?

SUS. Ill enough; his face was the very picture of anger and vexation.

COUN. His eageress for revenge will make him an easy prey. Where did you appoint this meeting?

SUS. In the garden!

COU. That's rather vague; let us agree on some appropriate spot. Write!

SUS. Need I write?

COUN. Fear nothing! I'll take all the blame. Write as I dictate. (*dictating.*) "A new song to an old air, to Zephyr."



## DUET.—SUSANNA and COUNTESS.

COUN. Gentle Zephyr, softly breathing—  
 SUS. Softly breathing,  
 COUN. Eventide will catch thy sighs—  
 SUS. Eventide will catch thy sighs,  
 COUN. Where the linden trees are growing—  
 SUS. Where the linden trees are growing.  
 COUN. At that bait the fish will rise—  
 SUS. At that bait the fish will rise.  
 SUS. Now, how shall we seal it?  
 COUN. With a pin; quick, take this one; 'twill serve for answer. Write outside—"Return the seal to the writer."  
 SUS. A pointed reply. [writes.  
 COUN. Some one approaches. Hide it away.

*Enter Chorus of Shepherdesses and BARBERINA.*

## CHORUS.

Lady, take these flow'rs, adorning  
 Garden, bower, field, and grove,  
 Gather'd fresh with dew this morning,  
 Our affection true to prove.

Lowly maidens from the village,  
 Humbly living on our tillage,  
 Though we little have to offer,  
 Yet the off'ring marks our love.

BAR. These, my lady, are our village girls, who have come to offer you these flowers.

COUN. Accept my thanks; they are most beautiful. I am sorry I am not better acquainted with so many pretty faces; but who is this charming child looking so modest?

BAR. A cousin of mine, my lady, come to see the wedding.

COUN. She's very pretty; and as I can't carry away all your nosegays, her's shall stand for all the rest. (*takes nosegay from CHE. and kisses him on forehead.*) What a blush! (*to Sus.*) Don't you see a likeness?

SUS. I do indeed: the living image.

[*exit Sus.*

CHE. (*aside.*) I felt that kisa go straight here!

*Enter COUNTESS and ANTONIO with hat.*

ANT. (*rushing to CHE. and putting the hat on his head.*) That's the lad! That's our young sojer enlisted among the petticoats. See how the cap fits!

SUS. The little rascal!

COUN. (*to COUN.*) How now, madam?

COUN. How now! Your surprise, my lord, cannot be greater than mine; nor is my anger less.

COUN. Indeed! What of this morning's adventure, then?

COUN. It is time all disguise and dissimulation should end. 'Tis true Cherubino was with us in my room where we planned this jest, and your sudden arrival caused his hasty flight to avoid your anger.

COUN. Why had you not left the castle?

[*to CHE.*

CHE. My lord—

[*takes off his hat.*

COUN. This disobedience shall be punished. Don't let me see your face again.

COUN. Nay, the little fellow is so wretched already.

CHE. Wretched! not while I bear on my forehead (*puts his hat on.*) enough to brighten an age of captivity!

[*exit.*

COUN. What's that that's so bright on his forehead?

ANT. What's that on his forehead?

COUN. (*embarrassed.*) His first military hat, I suppose.



*Enter FIGARO.*

FIG. If you detain all our pretty girls, my lord, what are we dancers to do for partners?

COU. We dancers! dance with a sprained ankle!

FIG. (*rubbing his leg.*) It's almost as sound again as it nothing had happened.

COU. Lucky for you Antonio's melon beds were so soft.

FIG. Exactly—soft—just so! Come along girls.

ANT. Ah! and he was off again like a lamplighter.

FIG. You wouldn't have had me lie there?

COU. Here's a young gentleman who gives you the lie there, nevertheless; he says 'twas he jumped from the window.

FIG. Cherubino! (*aside.*) Plague on the young noodle!

COU. How say you?

FIG. It only proves we both had the same fancy.

COU. Both jumped out of the same window!

FIG. Why not? Great wits jump together; the more the merrier, so no bones be broken. Now then, lasses, the fiddles are waiting.

COU. Am I fooled?

FIG. Now, girls, away to the dance.

*March and Dance.*

Chorus. Fond lovers, approvers of honour's bright word,  
Songs raise ye, and praise ye a worshipful lord.  
A right who has ended, that justice offended,  
And chaste to your bosoms your spouses restor'd.

Omnes. Songs raise ye, and praise ye a worshipful lord.

COU. My friends away now, and make all preparation to celebrate these nuptials auspicious with a splendour unequalled! I have determined the fête shall be most brilliant, with singing, and fireworks, lots of dancing, and a banquet! Thus showing clearly, how those near to my heart I cherish dearly.

*[Exeunt Omnes.]*

SCENE—A garden.

BARBARINA *enters, searching on the ground.*

BAR. I can't find it! What shall I do? Oh dear, oh dear!

*Enter FIGARO and MARCELLINA.*

FIG. Barbarina, what are you looking for so anxiously? that little snake in the grass—Cherubino?

BARB. No, indeed; I know well enough where to find him.

FIG. I don't doubt you.

BARB. But I don't mind telling you, cousin, what I'm looking for.

FIG. What?

BARB. A pin.

FIG. A pin! What pin? Speak, you little imp!

BARB. A pin I had to give Susanna.

FIG. From whom? How dare you play such a part?

BARB. What are you storming at? I shall go.

FIG. Stop! serpent!—no, no, I was joking. I know all about it, that pin the Count gave you, and it fastened a letter.

BARB. Well, if you know all about it, what's the good of asking questions?

FIG. Only curiosity to learn exactly what the Count's message was.

BARB. Just what you say, "Little Barbarina," says he, "take back this pin to your pretty cousin, and tell her that's the seal of the linden trees."

FIG. "Of the linden—"

BARB. "Trees," that was all. Oh yes, he did say something else. "Take care nobody sees you."

FIG. Then mind, you obey; cousins are nobody, so I don't count. Now run along, and don't say more to Susanna than the Count told you.

*[Exit BARB.]*

FIG. Mother!

MAR. My son!

FIG. That pin has pierced my heart. I'm lost and undone!

MAR. Was that brave heart of yours only an air blown balloon, that a pin can cause to collapse.

FIG. I'm only a mortal man; but thank heaven, it's not too late, I'm not married yet.

MAR. Condemn Susanna unheard?

FIG. You are right. The rendezvous I'll watch—see—prove—and then in me shall be avenged all married men! [*exiunt* FIG.]

MAR. Susanna must be married. I'm sure her heart is as pure as her face is pretty. Ah! when we women are not rivals trust us for standing by each other against the stronger and certainly very much stupider sex.

[*exit.*]

SCENE—*Another part of Garden.*

*Enter BARBARINA, holding two biscuits and an orange in a small basket.*

BARB. In the left hand pavilion, he said. Ah! here it is, and after all if he should not come—think of those stingy servants—to refuse me an orange or even a biscuit, but I stole them; they cost two little kisses; well, what matters, there's one, at least, will give them back, and soon, too.

*Enter FIGARO.*

Ye men by passion blinded,  
Careless and easy-minded,  
Review the sex angelical,  
So loving, timid, and meek!  
These oft reputed goddesses,  
By victims they're deceiving  
While tribute still receiving  
From hearts by love made weak.

They're witches enchanting us,  
To make us despair;  
They're syrens that sing to us,  
To drown us in care;  
They're owlets alluring us,  
To clip our wings so bright;  
They're planets that shine on us,  
To turn our day to night.

They're lambkins that bite us,  
They're wolves that delight us,  
Fierce bears most benignant,  
Tame doves most malignant.  
They're full of deception  
Beyond all conception,  
Of lying and feigning;  
Affection disdaining,  
No pity they shew.  
What need I say further?  
The rest all must know!

FIG. All is prepared; the night is dark and favorable. Oh, Susanna! Susanna! how could you behave so to me? Some one approaches: now comes the decisive moment.

[*retires.*]

*Enter SUSANNA, dressed as the COUNTESS; and COUNTESS, dressed as SUSANNA.*

SUS. Now, madame, here we are; you told me Figaro would be here.

COUN. Hush! he is here; speak softly!

SUS. Oh! oh! the one has come and the other will soon be here. The Count comes to meet me, and Figaro comes to listen. Well, they will both be deceived, for my lady disguised as myself will be here instead. The darkness will help the deception.

[*retires*]

MARCELLINA, *who has entered during above.*

MAR. And I'll hide me here and listen.

*[enters Pav.]*

SUSANNA and COUNTESS *come down stage.*

SUS. Madame, how you tremble! are you cold?

COUN. 'Tis nothing; the gentle tears of evening weep for my trials.

*[goes up stage.]*

FIGARO *listening.*

FIG. Now the crisis approaches.

*[goes back.]*

SUS. If you will allow me, I will take the air beneath the shade of these linden trees.

*Enter SUSANNA.*

RECIT. AND AIR.—SUSANNA.

Welcome, happiest moment,  
When I may free from terror  
Rest in his soft embraces.  
Go! idle tremors,  
Nor mar love's joyful feeling,  
Let me taste unalloy'd  
Its balsam healing.  
Doth it not seem as tho'  
Love's tender power,  
Grac'd by this blooming bower,  
All nature were now reflecting,  
E'en as is night  
My sweet hidden love protecting.

Ah, come, nor linger more, my soul's fond treasure,  
Hark, to the voice of Love that calls to pleasure,  
While heaven still in starry light rejoices,  
While the earth still is dark, and hush'd her voice is.  
Soft murmurs now the brook, the breeze is playing,  
With soft music the heart's fond woes allaying.  
The flow'rs breathe sweet perfume, the sense delighting,  
All seems now to love's rapture sweet inviting.  
Come to these bowers where languid love reposes,  
And round thy temples I'll wreath a crown of roses.

FIG. Oh the traitress! A pretty fool have I been made all this time!  
Am I awake or dreaming?

*Enter CHERUBINO dressed as an Officer.*

CHE. Tra, la, la, la!

*[the COUN. appears.]*

COUN. *(aside.)* 'Tis Cherubino!

CHE. What a number of people there seem prowling about!  
Now to join Barbarina? What's that?—a woman!

COUN. *(on the watch.)* Oh heaven!

CHE. Surely I'm not mistaken; that cap with a feather  
in it—'tis Susanna's for a deuce!

COUN. I tremble lest the Count should make his appearance.

*[CHE. approaches and takes hand of COUN.]*

*(Recit.)*

## FINALE.

CHE. Softly, softly, I'll draw near now,  
 Sure the time will not be lost.  
 COUN. Should the Count by chance appear now,  
 All my happiness 'twill cost!  
 CHE. Dear Susannetta? mûte she's biding,  
 With her hand her face she's hiding,  
 Now to tease her, a farce I'll play,  
 COUN. Pray beware, sir, how you dare, sir!  
 Saucy stripling, hence away!  
 CHE. Nay, darling, cease this snarling,  
 You your footing here must pay.  
 SUS. There's the wretch who thinks I'm cheating.  
 COUN. 'Tis my peerless love Susanna.  
 FIG. There's the jade my honour cheating!  
 CHE. Now don't huff me in this manner.  
 SUS. }  
 COUN. } How my heart with {fear } is beating.  
 FIG. } {joy }  
 FIG. } {rage }  
 FIG. There's another at her side.  
 (Sure 'twas Cherubino speaking.)  
 CHE. Let me kiss thee; why this resistance?  
 COUN. Hence! or I will call assistance.  
 What! to kiss me he is seeking?  
 CHE. Surely now you won't refuse me  
 What the Count was ne'er denied.  
 COUN. Daring varlet!  
 CHE. When I this morning,  
 'Neath the sofa chanc'd to hide  
 COUN. (Now his daring, nothing scaring,  
 All our plans will override.  
 COUN. Take another—  
 CHE. Oh heaven, my master!  
 FIG. Let me see what can be spied.  
 SUS. Let him take that for his trouble,  
 He should not have pok'd and pried.

COUN. (*Mistaking COUNTESS for SUSANNA.*) Ah, my charmer, let me seize this opportunity to declare my devouring passion.

COUN. Oh, my lord.

FIG. Here's a situation for a man about to be married.

COUN. Let me imprint one kiss on that lovely hand.

COUN. 'Tis there, sir.

FIG. She gives him my hand; I mean her hand.

COUN. And with this kiss let me add this jewel—a ring—in addition to my lady's gift. [*gives ring.*]

COUN. Oh, my lord, I see the flickering of torches, some one comes.

COUN. Then let us hide within this pavilion.

FIG. Oh, ye wretched fools called husbands!

[COUNT and COUNTESS go towards pavilion.]

SUS. The fox is trapped at last.

FIG. (*coming down.*) I'll expose her perfidy to the world.

COUN. *after passing COUNTESS into pavilion, comes down, meeting FIGARO, who passes.)*

FIG. Some one passes.

[*gruffly.*]

COUN. (*from pavilion.*) 'Tis Figaro, away! away!

COUN. Quick! go into that pavilion till I return!

[*exit*]

(SUSANNA comes from hiding place.)

Sus. (*in feigned voice.*) Is that you, Figaro? hush, be very quiet!

Fig. My lady Countess, your arrival is most opportune, for I have discovered that my wife and your husband are in league together, and (*loudly*) I'll tell all the world.

Sus. (*forgetting, and speaking in her own voice.*) Pray, speak lower.

Fig. Oh, oh, it's you, my gentle Susanna, is it? This fox would hoax me, then. I'll hoax a little myself (*falls on his knees*)—Loveliest of your sex!

Sus. Oh, the villian, how my fingers itch!

Fig. In mercy, speak! I freeze! I burn! oh, let me but hold that hand—that soft, white, delicate hand!

Sus. My hand you wish

Fig. I do! I do.

Sus. Then take it, wretch!

Fig. Stop! stop! I knew you all the time, and thought to pay you off for your flirtations with the Count. (*beats him round stage.*)

Sus. Now you don't get over me that way, Figaro.

### FINALE.

Fig. Fair and softly let peace be restored!  
Well I knew that sweet voice, so adored,  
Never fails its dear bliss to impart.

Sus. You my voice knew?

Fig. and Sus. Make we peace, 'tis of love the true art,  
Making peace is of love the true art.

Cou. I can't find her, though everywhere seeking.

Fig. and Sus. 'Tis his lordship we hear yonder speaking.

Cou. Ho, Susanna! how much must I shout yet?

Sus. Bravo! bravo! he's not found her out yet.

Fig. Whom?

Sus. My lady.

Cou. My lady.

Fig. and Sus. Confusion!  
Dear, let us bring the farce to a conclusion,  
Till this odd lover is cur'd of his smart.

Fig. Your true lover, my lady, you'll find me.

Cou. 'Tis the Countess!  
And my sword's left behind me!

Fig. For some solace my bosom is panting.

Sus. To your wishes you'll ne'er find me wanting.

Cou. Ah! vile wretches!

Fig. and Sus. Let's away, then, together,  
Let love's blisses for anguish atone.

Cou. Ho! my vassals, flock around me!

Fig. Ha! his lordship!

Cou. Hither, quickly come and aid me!

Fig. Fate's betrayed me.

BAS., CUR., BAR., and ANT.

Cou. What has happen'd?  
Yon scoundrel, standing there,  
My name with infamy branding,  
Has dishonour cast on me.

BAS., CUR., BAR., and ANT.

I'm astounded,  
Guilt unbounded,  
All a dream it seems to be.

Fig. All confounded  
And astounded;  
At this scene I'm filled with glee.

Cou. Your hiding place leaving,  
Come, madam, be ready,  
The guerdon receiving

*Enter CHERUBINO, MARCELLINA, and BARTOLO.*  
Of conduct so bold.

The page!

ANT. My daughter!

FIG. My mother!

*BAS., ANT., and BAR.*

Cou. You are unmasked already,  
Her guilt all behold!

Sus. Forgive me! forgive me!

Cou. Forgive you! no, never!

In vain your endeavour.

All. Forgive her! forgive her!

Cou. No, no!

*Enter COUNTESS.*

Coun. At my poor intercession,  
You'll grant it, I know.

*BAS, CUR., COU., ANT., and BAR.*

O heaven! confusion!

This must be illusion!

Do I dream or no?

Cou. My Countess, forgive me!  
To flame don't add fuel!

Coun. As you not so cruel,  
My answer is yes.

All. All hearts thus contenting,  
This day let us bless!

Day of anxious cares tormenting,

Wayward folly, grief beguiling.

Cloudy sorrow, sunshine smiling,

All at last with love should end.

Spouses and sweethearts,

Let singing and dancing

Set lips gaily smiling,

Set eyes brightly glancing.

Music all our joy enhancing,

Feast and harmony we'll blend.

Let us hasten, let us hasten

Feast with harmony to blend.

END OF THE OPERA.